

# TOC H JOURNAL



## PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
A MUSICAL EVENING . . . . .	131
A FREE HUNGARIAN SPEAKS, <i>by Count Charles Lonyay</i> .	134
BRITAIN AND U.S.A., <i>by Herbert Leggate</i> . . . . .	137

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# TOC H JOURNAL

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## A MUSICAL EVENING

NOTHING in our social life in war-time is more remarkable or encouraging than the popular appreciation of the fine arts. The best plays and films are booked up weeks ahead; good writing makes 'best-sellers'; picture exhibitions, of a high standard, are crowded; there is a wider interest in architecture and plenty of intelligent criticism of new planning schemes. But in no direction is the awakening to the pleasure—indeed to the necessity—of the arts more striking than in music. In the years before the war musical taste and understanding in this country were steadily growing. Probably the B.B.C., more than any other agency, has roused and educated a nation, falsely called 'unmusical,' to grasp eagerly the treasures, old and new, of sound. And now thousands of listeners stand on their own feet, knowing what music they like and even beginning to learn why they like it.

War brought a lack of leisure and rationing and the 'blitz,' and it seemed for a time as if the arts must go to the wall. But people, however hard pressed, were not to be denied. Lord Woolton, by common consent, has provided us with good bread, but "man does not live by bread alone." When the walls of the public galleries in London were stripped bare of precious pictures and the theatres closed under the danger of bombing, Dame Myra Hess made the first move by starting her lunch-hour concerts of first-class music in the desolated National Gallery. The response of the public was immediate and enormous: "the hungry sheep looked up" and *were* fed. When half a dozen daylight alerts became the fashion she moved the musicians and audience to the basement, where the siren and Schubert would sometimes strike up a notable discord. And when the Queen's Hall

was bombed and a great part of the orchestra's priceless instruments lost in the fire, the enemy failed to call a halt in the Promenade Concert season. Tickets were sold on the pavement, instruments borrowed from willing owners and the concert transferred to make-shift quarters and then to the Albert Hall—hopelessly unsuited for the job, said the pessimists, by reason of its absurd size. But, if not ideal, the Albert Hall for more than two years has served the largest musical audiences England has ever seen: on a 'spot' night it would need to be half as big again to contain those who clamour for tickets. The daily concerts at the National Gallery (and now also at the Royal Exchange) and the weeks of the 'Proms,' night after night at the Albert Hall, must needs include a share of music which is certainly not first rate. But the undeniable fact is proven that the very best draws the most listeners.

### Music and Toc H

What has thus been happening in London doubtless has its counterpart elsewhere in the country. Even in Toc H (which *is*, we like to think, the country in miniature) a stirring in the same direction ought to be noticeable. Except in Wales and a few other "places where they sing" music has never been a strong suit in Toc H, and in many a guest-night spasm of 'calamity singing' a very loud noise of *Clementine* or *Daisy* has done duty for it. In that we reflected old-fashioned British popular standards of taste. Can we now help to lead—and not merely to limp behind—the revival of an earlier England when the plain man made his own music and loved other people's?

From a Branch, which some of our bustling city members might reckon remote, comes an

interesting report. St. Ives in Cornwall held a special guest-night on July 23 to welcome as guest speaker a musician of world-wide reputation, Puishnoff, the Russian pianist. For over an hour, we are told, the speaker held his audience spellbound in a language not his own, but used so masterly that the Mayor of St. Ives had to tell him that he had expressed himself better than many of the natives. What follows is the substance of his talk.

### The Origin of Music

He began by trying to imagine the origins of human music. Here was the picture of primitive man, who, having killed a beast and fed himself and his family on its flesh and provided clothing for them from its skin—having, in fact, paid his butcher, grocer and tailor in one—found himself satisfied and with time on his hands. In his contentment he fell to stamping his feet on the floor of his cave (as African tribesmen still do, or the couples at the Palais de Danse) in a series of rhythmical thumps. *Rhythm* is the basis of all music, as it is indispensable in all nature. If the ebb and flow of the tides is lost the result is a tidal wave; if the orderly movement of the stars is disturbed there is some vast collision in the firmament of heaven.

Next, more pleasant sounds than thumping feet were introduced and placed in a series: the result was *Melody*, the second stage in music. These sounds were first produced by percussion, then by other means such as blowing through shells or hollow reeds or by vibrating strings like cat-gut. The third stage was reached when the sounds of melody were combined to form *Harmonies*.

### The Material of Music

Every art needs material with which to work, and in this music differs from all other arts. For they (the 'pictorial' or the 'plastic' or the building arts) make use of concrete materials, whereas music is created from the mind. The sounds produced by instruments or the human throat are very fragile and soon lost on the air but, strangely enough, music itself is persistent. Here in England, for instance, said the speaker, one of the few things we have relied upon as permanent—our secu-

rity from attack—collapsed suddenly, but Beethoven's Fifth Symphony survived untouched. What is it that makes music continue to live? At some time in our lives emotions—as when we are moved by grief or love—become so overpowering that our minds cannot find expression in words. Then we turn to music. It is not for nothing that, century after century, mothers sing their children to sleep with a lullaby or a body of tired soldiers on the march breaks into song. Music is something which no one can take away from such as these.

M. Puishnoff went on to say that when he first came to England he found that, in the past, we had not shown much enthusiasm towards music. Most people here had thought of it as an 'entertainment' and the advertisements of musical performances in English newspapers were headed accordingly. Not until our people had done everything else they had to do, did they find time for music. And this left little time indeed, with the result that in the main all they really appreciated was the lighter forms of music such as revue or musical comedy. In later years, however, a marked change has appeared, as more and more of our people are beginning to realise that music is an integral part of life itself. After this life, he said, when we come before the Great Judge, we may well be asked whether or not we have thoroughly read the chapter on Music in the Book of Life or treated it merely as an appendix: if the latter, we ought to be sent back to read it again! For, beyond question, music is imbedded in the life of man. Looking back on his history you will find that wherever and whenever a religious movement, pagan or otherwise, has started, it has almost invariably turned to music as an essential element. There is hardly a church or chapel without some form of music to assist Divine worship. For no matter what emotion, religious or secular, men want to express they can do it at some point better in music than in words.

### A Universal Language

"To all intents and purposes," continued M. Puishnoff, "I lost my nationality when I was about the age of ten, because my mind,

functioning through my music, became cosmic. In 1920 I left Russia, much against the advice of my friends, who had heard much of the poor reception of my contemporaries—Rachmaninoff, for example—because of Russia's low esteem in the countries outside. But I gave as my reason the fact that music is an international language and should be heard and accepted by all. It is indeed so international that it can be enjoyed equally by people of every nationality and social status."

There is a story of three men who were discussing the Slow Movement of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, which depicts a rippling stream running through a pleasant countryside in Spring, with, maybe, a couple of young lovers enjoying its beauties. One man said he pictured the scene exactly as he thought Beethoven intended it. The second said that, as far as he was concerned, it might as well be any dirty stream and that some of the music sounded to him more like the snorts of a drunken sleeper than young lovers. The third man modestly said that he couldn't profess to see any picture but enjoyed it just as beautiful music. A fourth man, who had been listening unnoticed, then spoke up and said that he thought each of the speakers was probably right in his own way. For each had a different mentality—one saw beauty where another saw ugliness, and another saw no form at all but just absorbed the beauty of the melody. This illustrates the elasticity of music, in that it suits any grade of taste and intelligence.

If one does not *try* to understand music but just listens to it, one will gradually come to understand it. Frequently people lose their appreciation of music by trying to understand it. And sometimes there are people gifted with great musical powers, who, in order to become musicians, do not study it to find out what it *is* but merely to obtain a 'technique.' If those of us who are not professionals set out merely to find the architecture in music when listening to it, we lose 90 per cent. of the things it can give. Some knowledge of structure and technique is valuable, of course, but a listener who cannot profess such knowledge may be as well off without it.

## Music after the War

"My country," said M. Puishnoff, "has been through a great crisis, and is still going through another. I myself have been through three revolutions, and no country can suffer these crises and revolutions without losing or retarding the arts in some measure. But that Russia will again give its share of art to the world I am confident." Musicians at the present stage are wondering what will happen after the war. They look forward to the time when people will be able to do their share of the world's work and still have enough time and energy left at the end of the day to enjoy the beauty of the fine arts.

So much has been said about the 'machine age' being the cause of unemployment and misery that the lack of appreciation of the arts may seem a small matter to mention. It is altogether wrong, however, to blame the machine when it is the spirit of the age which is at fault. This can be illustrated by the classical story of the two brothers who happily earned their living as woodcutters, each working eight hours a day and thereby maintaining themselves comfortably. Then one of the brothers invented a mechanical saw which enabled them to do the same work in half the time. To a logical mind the thought would have come, 'Good! This new saw gives us four hours a day to use to some good purpose—let's enjoy them to the best of our ability.' But it did not work out that way. For the one who had invented the machine called in his brother and told him he had no more use for his help and that he had better fend for himself. With his mechanical saw he continued to work eight hours a day alone, but in so doing he had killed two things—his own chance of extra leisure and enjoyment of the beautiful things of life, and the happiness of his brother, now unemployed.

The speaker left this fable to point the moral. He was convinced that the world would be a better place to live in when more people can have leisure and education to enjoy beautiful things. Among them is music, which can be enjoyed without study, and which—most important of all—is an integral part of life itself.

## A FREE HUNGARIAN SPEAKS

*We now add to the articles in this series on France, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland, Greece, Belgium and Holland, especially written for us by distinguished nationals of those countries, one from a writer whose country is at war with us—Count CHARLES LONYAY of Hungary. He is not so much a politician as a member of a group of exiled non-partisan Hungarian intellectuals; he is a friend of M. Jan Masaryk, and a true lover of freedom.*

"Who is my brother? The chance comrade, companion, friend. And who are they? Those with whom we journey through great tribulation. . ."—(*Europe Calling Britain*, by J. B. D. in *Toc H JOURNAL*, January, 1943).

WELL, I know that the British, Chinese, Americans, Czechs, Norwegians, Russians and all those in company with whom I am fighting for the freedom of mankind are my friends. But, may I ask, are they also friends of my Hungarian brethren? Are they also friends of those Hungarians who could not come to fight on our side against the enemies of freedom and humanity because they, like millions of Czechs, Belgians, Frenchmen, Poles, etc., were prevented by their dictators from joining the cause of freedom. That's the point.

\* \* \*

The leading statesmen of the United Nations have repeatedly declared that there will be no punishment of those people who against their will have been held in subjugation. Punishment will be confined to the actual war-criminals.

Of course, there cannot be the slightest doubt that these declarations, made by such men as Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin and Benes, are absolutely sincere. But I cannot conceal a certain apprehension as to how far those statesmen will be able to put their goodwill into effect. Anyone who knows human nature is compelled to ask this question. The history of mankind shows how many noble ideas, born on the sunny heights of humanity, were frozen to death in the icy valleys of reality.

Let us be clear about this: along the path of reality lie hatred and bitter anger. These feelings are natural and understandable, but they are also dangerous for humanity. The individual on our side who is full of hatred and bitterness because of the crimes committed by individuals on the other side includes in his hostile feelings the entire people to whom the criminal belongs, and thus the

wish creeps into his heart to punish them as a whole. This is the danger.

Against this grave danger I would like to be my Hungarian brethren's keeper. I would like to convince the world that the real Hungarian people, the peasants, workers and a great part of the intellectuals, at least eight of the ten million Magyars, are themselves pitiable victims; that the "deeds of shame," to use Churchill's words, which have been committed by a certain group of Hungarian criminals, have brought slavery, misery and death to the Hungarian people.

\* \* \*

A careful study of Hungary's history shows that the Hungarian people, with a cross of misery and slavery upon their shoulders, have had to undergo a real Golgatha. Consider this one fact alone: till 1848, although the population is predominantly peasant, there was no free peasantry at all in Hungary. The peasants were serfs of the feudal oligarchy and maltreated also by the gentry who had used their control of the state administration to maintain in its entirety the power of feudalism. But even after 1848, when Hungary began to be influenced by liberal ideas, the situation of the peasants changed in appearance only but not in fact. Although under the so-called liberal regime several laws were introduced purporting to give the Hungarians their freedom, actually all these new rights remained ineffective owing to the sabotage of the administration.

First of all, the electoral right was restricted to a minimum. Out of the twenty million inhabitants of pre-war Hungary less than two millions had the right to vote. The workers had no representatives in the Parliament at all, and most of the representatives of the peasant-class were really forced upon

the electors by the Government, and were thus tools in their hands. Therefore the people had not the slightest opportunity of influencing even the home policy of the country. But having no right to interfere even with such problems as wages, education, social security, etc., it would be, of course, ridiculous to say that the people, that is about 90 per cent. of Hungary's population, had any chance of influencing the country's foreign policy.

Like everything else in Hungary, the decisions about treaties and alliances, and about war and peace, were made exclusively by the feudal oligarchs. These decisions were made entirely in the interests of their internal power. The well-armed, mighty Germany appeared to be the best defence against any "revolution," and therefore the feudal rulers of Hungary led the country into the arms of the German octopus. Like a moth led by the light of a lamp, Hungarian feudalism was allured by the "shining armour" of militarist Germany, but even as the moth, blinded by the light, falls into the dark abyss, so fell Hungary into the darkness of war which lurked behind the brilliant but deceitful gloss of German militarism.

\* \* \*

This happened in 1914. In 1918 there was a "revolution" in Hungary. The Hapsburgs were dethroned, but that was all. Belonging to the high aristocracy, although recently 'deprived' of my title by the Horthy Government, I can say that that so-called revolution did not harm Hungarian feudalism in the least. The big landowners lost a lot of their estates, but only as a consequence of the lost war, as in the newly created neighbour states which got parts of Hungary's territories, there was no mercy for the fortunes of a prince or a count. But in Hungary itself the revolution was a complete failure. The leaders of the revolution were entirely lacking in that greatness of spirit and capacity for statesmanship which are necessary to instal the people into their rights and furnish them with the opportunity of deciding their destiny themselves. Contrast what happened only a few miles away in Czechoslovakia owing to the greatness of T. G. Masaryk.

After the downfall of the short-lived democratic and communistic regimes, Hungarian feudalism, which actually had never ceased to influence Hungary's life, came out into the open again. The only difference was that under the Horthy régime, which was really only a well-paid and well-armed guard of the oligarch, the rights of the people were denied in an even more brutal and terroristic way than in the past. Foreign policy was still entirely under the influence of the landowners. And this time they not only wanted to preserve their power and estates within the borders of Hungary, but also to regain all the estates which they had lost outside Hungary. They wanted back their estates from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania with all the people who had become citizens of those new countries as their slave labourers.

This burning desire to restore their previous might led to the foreign policy of the Horthy régime in the direction which showed the best chances of destroying the Treaty of Trianon. Fascist Italy and later Nazi Germany, the countries where rearmament was going on full blast, offered such a chance. They were driving for the destruction of European peace, thus also for the destruction of the Treaty of Trianon.

1914 repeated itself. The old Hungarian moth was allured again by the deceitful gloss of German might, and the rulers did not even recognise the symbolic warning that this time already at the very start, the "shining armour," in the shape of the Fascist-shirt and the Nazi dress, appeared black. So Hungary was again dragged into the arms of the German octopus, and thus into the war.

\* \* \*

Had the Hungarian people any chance of opposing this decision of their rulers? No, definitely not. They had even less political rights than before, and therefore they could not prevent it by constitutional means. And they lacked the *psychical* as well as the physical strength for revolt. People living for so many centuries under such a cruel oppression as the Hungarians are lacking in all the spiritual weapons which alone make a revolution possible, not to speak of the physical

weapons, of the lack of the simplest armament, denied not only by lack of money but also by the ruthless control of the terroristic régime. Had the Hungarian people had a chance of revolting they certainly would have done it a long time ago to get more bread, to get clothes, to get a day of rest and such-like necessities of everyday life. But as they were not able to rise against their tyrants to put an end to their indescribable misery, naturally they were even less able to revolt on an issue of international policy.

Thus, I can firmly state that the Hungarian peasant, the worker, the intellectual cannot be blamed for the Horthy régime's decision to link Hungary with the Nazi-Fascist criminals. But neither can the Hungarian people be blamed for the crimes committed by a number of Hungarian individuals.

## 'POST-WAR RECONSTRUCTION' NOW

*The Chairman of the Tamar District, Western Area, writes of the difficulties of maintaining a home unit, owing to the war-time work of its members. He stresses the necessity of keeping going for the sake of the men who will return from active service, and asks 'How?'*

**BY** revising point No. Three of the Compass—you know where it says: "To bring the expert to the Group." Let us reverse this and by making *ourselves* experts of Toc H, take Toc H to our war-time job, right into the Home Guard, A.R.P., Observer Corps, N.F.S. Talk Toc H, think it and, above all, act it. Pick the key men in whatever unit you are connected with, on those lonely patrols, in the Warden's post, at the Observer post and the all-night watch at the fire-station. Pick your man and stick at him, test him and when satisfied make him a member, thereby filling the vacant spot and maintaining your numbers. Get a real live Jobby, let him find jobs, get right back to the weekly meetings, make yourselves felt in the district, prepare a programme for the future, and start at once. See that your plans interest everyone, especially the newcomer, and, irrespective of his war-time activities, see that the interest is such that he does his job even at the expense of a little more time. Capture the old spirit, stimulate the new member, and you will find

This is what I would like to tell the world again and again. I want to repeat it as often as possible in order to convince first of all those who are directly affected by the deeds of Hungarian criminals. I beg you, and I beg everybody, to tell those people that they should remember my words before they strike. They must not strike down innocent men or women, because in doing so they will strike down justice which will, I hope, be one of the pillars of that future world we are all fighting for.

"Are you your brother's keeper? Yes, of course you are!"

Is this so, and are you really willing to be your brother's keeper? Then you ought also to be the keeper of my Hungarian brethren, of the real Hungarian people. They also "journey through great tribulation."

that this is 'post-war reconstruction' in the right place.

Then, when your fellows return, they will come right back to what they left behind them, right back to what they are now imagining is going on. For there must be no time lag between the return of members, and the first job of work they are given. The horizon is clearing; we must get down to this, we must be in the position to greet all who return with a large welcome on the mat, we must be able to give them a job on the first night they return. They must be made to feel that they have never been away. Prepare for it, it is a debt we owe to them if we want to hold them. It must never be that these fellows will have to do their own reconstruction.

Hold your faith in Toc H, for, should it be broken, in whatever way, large or small, trouble will be in the offing.

Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all,  
It is the little rift within the lute  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

H. J. STEAR.

# BRITAIN AND U.S.A.

## 2. Making Contact

*Last month SHAUN HERRON (Yorkshire Regional Padre) gave us a picture of Anglo-American relationships, their background and importance. HERBERT LEGGATE (Administrative Padre) now follows this up with some suggestions of practical steps which can be taken by our members to promote understanding with America.*

AS a direct result of the initiative of Shaun Herron, an Anglo-American Christian Fellowship has been formed with the object of cementing right relationships between the peoples of the two nations. This movement which is at present in its infancy has the warm support of a number of influential Christian leaders in both countries. It can be taken for granted that members of Toc H realise the tremendous importance of right Anglo-American relationships not only for the war period, but still more for the difficult tasks that will face the world when hostilities cease. We all feel that anything that can be done to build such relationships must be done. The peril of this state of mind is that it is very easy for idealists to feel that they have done something just because they have felt that something must be done. This is the reason why idealism is so often futile. The national leaders of church, state and commerce are doing their utmost to promote understanding. It is not, however, upon these lofty planes that the need is greatest. Indeed such efforts may be harmful unless the rank and file members of all movements seek to multiply frank and sympathetic contacts. It is here that the membership of Toc H can help and in the following ways.

### Church with Church

1. It is desired to bring individual churches on this side of the Atlantic into friendly and personal contact with churches of the same communion on the other side. There is an appalling ignorance in Britain of the religious life of America. We know little or nothing of the movements which are inspiring the youth of the churches. We know little of the vast missionary enterprise of those same churches. This is a pathetic position. We are all part of a great Christian community which is supra-national and which is the great hope for the future of mankind. We are com-

mitted to the great purposes of God which were made known in Jesus Christ. This binds us in a common loyalty which is deep enough and strong enough to stand any strain. In Christian fellowship alone can we hope to dissipate the miasma of misunderstanding which rises between our two nations. The Anglo-American fellowship is able to put church groups in this country into touch by correspondence with similar groups in America. Toc H units include members and padres of almost all Christian denominations. Any member of Toc H who has got a pain in the mind about the future of the world can help by forming within his own church a group of men and women who will seek to become informed about American reactions to the changing world situation and will, through an appointed correspondent, seek first-hand information from a church group in the States. If particulars of such groups are sent to the Anglo-American Fellowship, Brotherton House, North Grange Road, Leeds, 6, the necessary arrangements will speedily be made.

### Group with Group

2. In all the great Churches of America there are movements which are recruiting youth for great Christian purposes. There are other movements closely allied to the churches, which are promoting united Christian effort. If a unit of Toc H would like to be put in touch with such a group this can be arranged. The main purpose of such contact would not be to spread knowledge of the ideals of Toc H in the States, but in fellowship the two groups would need to share the methods by which they each sought to spread the Kingdom of God in the wills of men.

### Teacher with Teacher

3. The greatest task which faces our two countries is that of creating a new generation

which shall have a more wholesome outlook on the world. The future of the world can be changed for the better through the classrooms of our schools. One day we shall realise with shame how parochial and in some respects how false our teaching of history has been. Toc H members who are teachers can be put in touch with teachers in America who also base their hope for the future on the Christian message.

These and many other contacts the Anglo-American Christian Fellowship can make, with a minimum delay. We should like to put trade unionists in this country in touch with trade unionists in America. You may have other suggestions to make.

There is one thing further I wish to mention. Many people think that because the two peoples speak the same language, mutual understanding should therefore be easy. This

is superficial thinking. Amongst other things it ignores the fact that words stand for emotions rather than for ideas. This is especially true of high sounding words such as imperialism, liberalism, democracy and liberty. Unless ever-increasing numbers of the peoples of Britain and America seek with sincerity to understand each other's background and point of view, our common language may serve to make for greater confusion in our relationships. As members of Toc H we believe that it is always true that the things that unite are deeper and stronger than the things that separate.

Here is an opportunity of acting upon our faith that will test our capacity for fair thinking. If you are interested, you will get in touch with Shaun Herron immediately. His address is Brotherton House, North Grange Road, Leeds, 6.  
H. L.

## STOCKTAKING

**T**HIS is no story of crowded Halls or Publicity Dinners. Nor is it the story of a Toc H Services Club packed full of men—though we have one in our town. It is the 'behind-the-scenes' story of a group of members who felt they were not pulling their weight as they should and who were divinely discontented with their Branch. They wanted to get down to foundations—however much that 'getting down' might show up their imperfections. So behold them gathered in a bedroom, just sitting where they could find room. It was not an 'open' Meeting to all and sundry. The members wanted to tackle this job amongst themselves first and frankly to face up to their failures if they could be shown.

I won't bore you by 'reporting' the meeting, but its outcome may be valuable for more than those who were present that night. Having got to the all-important position where we frankly owned that our Branch was not functioning as it should, we set out to find the reasons. It did not take us long to hit at least one nail on the head. We felt that we had been content to run Toc H as a sort of philanthropic job and that we had left Religion out of the Branch. We tried to regain

the original vision of Toc H being a definite Christian movement, demanding its place in our work. We realized that it was not needed to turn every Branch night into a sort of Revival Meeting, but we also realized that each member should endeavour sympathetically and tactfully to stress the Christian basis more than we had been doing. We owned that we felt a bit shy at doing this as we did not feel ourselves, and want others to regard us, as angels in disguise! But we felt that in conversation, when openings were given, or by trying to give a Christian application to what a speaker had said at a meeting, we could do something to begin giving Christianity its more rightful place in our work. At least it would show we were not shy about standing for the really big things of life. We also realized that we had been slack about Prayers and decided to try and put that right at once.

We did not arrive at many constructive thoughts and plans that night but that was not the aim of the little meeting. It was held that we might begin cutting the ice which surrounds the average man as regards the big things of life. Result—we got together as never before and left the bedroom

feeling we knew each other better than before and that others shared much the same thoughts as we did individually but about which we had been too shy to speak. We felt, I think, that the meeting had been worth many of those which only discussed general philanthropic problems. There was a sense of getting something done, and of wanting to do more, along really Christian lines. So much so that we decided that other meetings of the same sort must be held (apart from the usual Branch Meeting) and dates were accordingly fixed up. By the autumn we hope to have advanced far enough in our ideas to make our informal and friendly chats resultant of action in our winter Pro-

gramme as never before. What a joy and mental ease in war-time it is for a small group of men to get together and talk about 'the things which really matter'! If other Branches find themselves in the same position as we were, namely, thoroughly dissatisfied with the main conduct of our Branch Meetings, let me advise them to get together quietly and thrash the thing out bravely. The sense of spiritual comradeship that night was something new and uplifting. May its results be ditto! None of those present have the slightest idea that I am writing this account of our meeting, but I personally found the whole thing so uplifting that I decided to share our experience with others.

## THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

IT is certain that many hundreds, probably thousands, of men have become attached to Toc H on active service who have never seen it working under 'normal' conditions, that is, as so many of us have known it, week by week, in the years between the two wars: "not having seen, they yet have believed." How completely it has caught them and how deep it has gone is well illustrated by a letter from an R.A.M.C. Corporal, who wrote home in March from the Middle East to a friend in Crewkerne Branch, Somerset. Here are some extracts:—

"Tiny calling! . . . I am very happy to write and let you know that I have been a member of Toc H for three years to-day, and in thinking of Toc H I naturally thought of the place where I first met it, dear old Crewkerne. I have travelled a good many miles since those days.

"I've met Toc H in France, at Lille (*i.e.*, with the B.E.F. in 1940). We held meetings at a little place called Fresnoy Au Val in my M.I. (*Medical Inspection*) Room, and at La Gorgue, also in the M.I. Room. In fact, wherever I had my M.I. Room, there was Toc H. . . . We had some very jolly times. . . . By the way, I saw Col. Bonham-Carter in Lille before the fall of Dunkirk. I also saw the last of the old House at Poperinghe. I came through 'Pop' on the 30th of May, with six wounded Tommies in an open 15-cwt. truck.\*

"I also met Toc H in Yorkshire, Oxford and Kent.

"In Cairo there is the most elaborate 'Talbot House' I have met yet. I spent three wonderful evenings there just before Christmas. The dinners were excellent, with real roses on the tables—it

was so like a bit of England in the midst of all this turmoil. . . .

"I was unfortunately sent up 'into the blue' three days before the World Chain of Light ceremony, and I took 'Light' alone in the cab of a 3-ton lorry, using a small piece of candle, having blacked out the cab with my blankets.

"On my way up I was fortunate in being at the first meeting of Toc H in a Transit Camp just outside Alexandria, and I hope I was able to help a little with some advice about amenities in Transit Camps.

"There are numerous 'Circles' of Toc H being formed in units scattered all over the Desert, and wherever the fighting is, somewhere you will find Toc H. One trooper of a Tank Regiment informed me that the whole of his crew were members and that on the eve of the Battle of Alamein they took 'Light' beneath their Sherman tank. The spirit is wonderful.

"I have just been posted to a new unit, in which I am the Cpl. Cook, having been ousted from my medical capacity. There are some very decent chaps here, and some very good material for Toc H, and I have written to Cairo for assistance in starting a Toc H Circle and have the backing of the Welfare Officer behind me. As far as I am aware, I am the only member in the unit. . . .

### What 'Light' Means

"Toc H means a whole lot to me. It helped me through the hell of Dunkirk. I was detached from 44 Div. Signals and volunteered to bring the wounded out from the rearguard action at Bergues to the C.C.S. at Rossendael, just outside Dunkirk—11 kilometres of Cook's Tour and Brock's Benefit. It was then that I had the most wonderful experience of my life. On the afternoon of June 1st the most terrific barrage I hope I shall ever hear was put up by the Navy lying offshore.

\* A similar incident on May 28 with a lorry-load of wounded men was reported in the JOURNAL, June, 1941, p. 143. Happily this was not "the last of the Old House," which still survives.—ED.

They were bombarding Mont Cassel in an effort to stop Jerry forcing a wedge. At the same time Jerry was working a shuttle service with his 'planes and dropping all he could on us, and also shelling us at the C.C.S., which was clearly marked with Red Crosses. He scored three direct hits on the building itself—and we had roughly 2,500 wounded ready for evacuation. I was tending dressings, between runs to Bergues, when, quite candidly, I became terribly afraid, and I thought to myself 'This job seems absolutely useless—what can I do for these chaps with all this Krupps' Ironworks flying about?' And, as does happen when one is in a tight corner, my life seemed to pass in a quick panorama before my

eyes, until I came to Crewkerne. I thought of the Victoria Hall, The Heritage and Toc H—and then those beautiful words 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven,' and at once I felt a peace descend on me. My fear entirely left me, and I carried on with renewed energy. Suffice it to say that I stayed until ordered to leave with wounded for England. So, you see, I thank you and Crewkerne Toc H for introducing me to the only practical way of living and paying my rent for my room on earth. . . . Whenever I come across Toc H, I always proudly say 'I'm a member of Crewkerne—Tiny is the name' . . ."

## THE ELDER BRETHREN

FISHER.—On July 16, GEORGE FISHER, aged 76, a member of Wembley Branch. Elected 25.2.'29.

HARPER.—Killed in action in Sicily, on July 13, LESLIE HARPER, Sergt., 3rd Commando, Joint Secretary of Largs Branch. Elected 6.10.'42.

HELPS.—Killed in action in Sicily on July 31, LESLIE HELPS, Lieut., Dorset Regt., a Toc H-Belra Leprosy Volunteer, a probationer in Chapel-en-le-Frith and member in South America.

JACKSON.—Killed in action on April 8, A. J. JACKSON, Sergt., R.A.F., a Passholder.

LAMB.—In Calcutta, SIR THOMAS LAMB, for many years a member of the Lone Units Committee of Toc H, India.

LYELL.—Killed in an action at Dj Bou Arara, Tunisia, on April 27, for which he was posthumously awarded the V.C., LORD LYELL, Lieutenant (Acting Captain), Scots Guards, a member of Toc H at Eton, 1931.

and later a Builder.

MURRAY SMITH.—On August 3, ARTHUR MURRAY SMITH, Col., a former member of Cheltenham Branch, whose leaflet, 'Talbot House': *Suggestions on its Aims and Ideals*, in 1921 was the origin of 'jobmastery' in Toc H and of the Act of Remembrance in the Ceremony of Light. Elected 1920.

PRICHARD.—In July, D. T. PRICHARD, aged 49, a member of Dolgelley Branch. Elected 8.1.'40.

THOMAS.—In an accident on active service in Iraq, RAY THOMAS, a probationer of Pontycymmer Branch.

WHITEHEAD.—On June 12, 1943, at West Vancouver, B.C., JOCELYN BRADBURY WHITEHEAD, ex-Sergeant-Major, Canadian Corps, a Churchwarden of the Upper Room, Talbot House, Poperinghe, 1916. Initiated by Tubby and Pat Leonard on the train between Kamloops and Sicamous, B.C., in 1922, a General Member.

## OUR PRISONERS OF WAR

Since the last list, published in the July JOURNAL, the following 52 names of Toc H members known to be prisoners-of-war are added, making the total 516:—

J. J. BAKER (Stalag IV A Gr.; Seaman, S.S. *Orama*), No. 18162, Stalag IV A.

P. J. BANBROOK (Stalag IV A Gr.; Pte.), No. 5178, Stalag IV A.

A. J. BARNARD (Penrith Gr.; Pilot Officer, R.A.F.), No. 936803, Dulag Luft.

W. E. BARNETT (Stalag IV A Gr.; Pte.), No. 5538, Stalag IV A.

C. BARTRAM (Stalag IV A Gr.; L.T.O., R.N., Submarine *Starfish*), No. 133, Stalag IV A.

B. BROWN (Stalag Luft III Gr.; R.N.Z.A.F.), No. 396, Stalag Luft III.

Hon. P. T. T. BUTLER (Stalag IV A; 2/Lt., Irish Guards), No. 497, Stalag IV A.

V. CARL (Oflag III C Gr.; A.I.F.), Stalag 383.

R. J. COKER (Stalag VIII B Gr.; Pte., R. West Kent Regt.), No. 11716, Stalag Luft III.

J. DEVANEY (Stalag IV A Gr.; Seaman, R.N., H.M.S. *Bedouin*), No. 454, Stalag IV A.

R. DIPPLE (Stalag IV A Gr.; Quartermaster, R.N., H.M.S. *Ulster Prince*), No. 1846, Stalag IV A.

J. DODGE (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Major, Middlesex Regt.), No. 285, Stalag Luft III.

M. DOHERTY (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Sergt., R.A.F.), No. 405, Stalag Luft III.

M. J. FAIRLIE (Stalag IV A Gr.; Capt. Black Watch), No. 3459, Stalag IV A.  
 E. PARACHER (Jobmaster, Stalag IV A Gr.; L./Sgt., R.A.), No. 11527, Stalag IV A.  
 J. FITZGERALD (Sydney Br., N.S.W.; A.I.F.) Stalag 383.  
 J. FOOTE (Oflag III C Gr.; Capt., Canadian Forces), Stalag 383.  
 F. GALLASH (Stalag IV A Gr.; Capt.), No. 8342, Stalag IV A.  
 D. GIMSON (Stalag VIII B Gr.; Gnr., R.A.), No. 596, Stalag Luft III.  
 C. S. GREAGAR (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Sergt., R.A.F.), No. 547, Stalag Luft III.  
 E. GREEN (Stalag IV A Gr.; Cpl., Lincs. Regt.), Stalag IV A.  
 E. GRUBB (Stalag XVIII A Gr.; Gnr., R.A.), No. 4991, Stalag XVIII A.  
 W. HENDERSON (Mark XIV Br.; Sergt., R.A.), No. 12597, Stalag 383.  
 A. HENRY (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Sergt., R.A.F.), No. 26, Stalag Luft III.  
 F. H. HINTON (Stalag IV A Gr.; Pte.), No. 9254, Stalag IV A.  
 W. G. HOLT (Pilot, Stalag IV A Gr.; Capt., A.A.M.C., A.I.F.), No. 4501, Stalag IV A.  
 P. A. T. HORROX (Stalag Luft III Gr.; R.A.F.), No. 153, Stalag Luft III.  
 L. INGRAM (Stalag IV A Gr.; C.Q.M.S., Norfolk Regt.), No. 6693, Stalag IV A.  
 L. LE SOEUF (Stalag IV A Gr.; Lt.-Col., A.A.M.C., A.I.F.), No. 8345, Stalag IV A.  
 A. LEWIS (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Sergt., R.A.F.), No. 69, Stalag Luft III.  
 D. P. LEWIS (Oflag VI B Gr.; Dvr., R.A.S.C.), No. 7843, Stalag VIII B.  
 M. MACDONALD (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Capt.), Stalag Luft III.  
 W. G. U. MCKIE (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Sergt., R.A.F.), No. 251, Stalag Luft III.

H. McMEEKIN (Stalag IV A Gr.; Pte., Argyll & Sutherland Hdrs.), No. 230, Stalag IV A.  
 L. W. O'TOOLE (Stalag IV A Gr.; Spr., R.E.), No. 11363, Stalag IV A.  
 R. PEACOCK (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Sergt., R.A.F.), No. 192, Stalag Luft III.  
 D. S. PEARCE (Stalag IV A Gr.; Pte., R.A.S.C.), No. 5759, Stalag IV A.  
 A. PITCHER (Stalag XVIII A Gr.; Spr., R.E.), No. 2119, Stalag XVIII A.  
 L. E. G. PUGH (Oflag III C Gr.; Sergt., R.A.), No. 6217, Stalag 383.  
 A. G. ROBINSON (Stalag Luft III Gr.; C.F.), No. 23802, Stalag Luft III.  
 W. ROBINSON (Stalag XVIII A Gr.; Gnr., R.A.), No. 498, Stalag XVIII A.  
 A. STUBLEY (Stalag Luft III Gr.; Sergt., R.A.F.), No. 530, Stalag Luft III.  
 J. J. SUCKLEY (Sec., Stalag IV A Gr.; Sergt.), No. 11266, Stalag IV A.  
 N. TURNBULL (Morpeth Br.; Fus., Northumberland Fusiliers), No. 6580, Stalag XXI A.  
 K. M. UPHILL (Oflag III C Gr.; S/Sergt., R.E.M.E.), No. 614, Stalag 383.  
 T. WILES (Stalag IV A Gr.; Cpl., R.A.M.C.), No. 17101, Stalag IV A.  
 C. WILKINSON (Stalag IV A Gr.; Cpl., Lincs. Regt.), No. 69109, Stalag IV A.

#### IN ITALY.

P. LAWRENCE (Horncastle Br.; C.F.), P.G. 38, P.M. 3200.  
 T. E. ORME (Uttoxeter Br., County of London Yeomanry), No. 7918103, P.G. 52, P.M. 3100.

#### IN JAPANESE HANDS.

W. C. TATTMAN (Huntingdon Br.; L/Cpl., Suffolk Regt.).  
 R. THOMAS (Pontycymmer Br.).  
 H. WIGLEY (Pickering Br.; L/Cpl.).

## WANTED—MEN FOR INDIA

The War Services work of Toc H cannot stand still. It is continually expanding as fresh, and often urgent, calls are made upon it. And the problem of meeting these calls is not so much one of money as of men to staff the new ventures. To get men of any kind at this stage in the war is hard enough, as everyone knows, but to get the right men for our work is hardest of all. For not only must health and age qualify them to be used but they must be fitted by character and ideas to represent Toc H and not merely to serve tea and book beds. Overseas especially, they must often stand alone and under difficult conditions and the cause of Toc H stands or falls with them.

Our work for the Services in India, after a slow start, is making great demands on staff.

As members know, Alan Cowling has left the Middle East and is in India as our Commissioner. Eight staff men are on their way, or preparing to join him. These are Norman Currie (Argentine) from Iraq and Padre Bob Watson (late Area Padre at home) from Aden; Rupert Bliss (London Centre) and George Bennett (Sevenoaks Branch); Lt.-Col. Atkins, M.C., and Major F. Sutherland Kemp, both of the Indian Army; Egerton Spanton and Garry Pfeiffer, coming over from Toc H Buenos Aires. Now the military authorities have cabled us to send eight men in addition to these. And where are they? Do you know a likely man? Are *you* one? If so, get in touch with the Hon. Administrator without delay. It takes time to get men to the spot and the need is *now*.

## AROUND THE MAP



A WELCOME VISITOR.

*Photo by courtesy of Johannesburg Star.*

From Johannesburg

THE picture above shows Rear-Admiral Rodney Scott, one of our Vice-Presidents, to whom Toc H in the Royal Navy owes more than it can ever repay, in Talbot House, Johannesburg, on April 30. His visit was 'official' (he was in the city in connection with a Navy Week) and he was received by Sir Herbert Stanley, for many years Chairman of Toc H Southern Africa, and the leading members of our War Services Committee, but the picture is proof enough that the proceedings were far from formal. Admiral Scott made a very thorough inspection of the House, chatted with the men and attended family prayers. A fortnight earlier he had visited Talbot House, Howick, which serves Imperial troops in a convalescent camp.

The House at Johannesburg has clearly done a very fine and much-needed job. When it was opened, it provided sleeping accommodation for 105 men, divided into 60 'long-leave' and 45 'short-leave' men. (The differ-

ence is that the long-leave bedrooms have a gent's wardrobe as well as a chest of drawers). The demand grew quickly and by taking an annexe next door the accommodation was put up to 133—mostly for men on long-leave—and by March the average number of guests per night was 125. There is a dance in the House on Saturday nights, a cinema show twice a week, and once a week a lecture by the Education Officer from the Women's Services attended by both men and women. Ronald Anderson (General Secretary, Southern Africa) writes:

"The only criticism we have of the House is that it tends to be used far more by Imperial troops than South Africans; not that we object to serving Imperials in any way, but it is rather unfortunate when a house starts to be regarded as for one particular section of the Forces. We have continual batches of men from West Africa, (who have to spend their leave in this country) staying in the House; a large and continuous floating personnel of R.A.F.; regular batches of men from the Navy, with a sprinkling of other Imperial troops, including 'Desert Rats' who have come down here for surgical treatment, and a mixture of the various South African Units."

## Doughboys in Cornwall

Twenty or thirty American soldiers at a time, stationed in Cornwall, visit St. Austell on their 48 hours' leave, and one night a month or two ago two of them were found sleeping on the floor of a shop and another on the steps of the Market House. The local hotels are always full and private householders have their own problems about rooms and rations. In the name of Anglo-American friendship something had to be done about it. The Chairman of the Urban District Council, therefore, called a meeting of townfolk and a hostel at the Masonic Hall, with a couple of dozen beds, was the result. The *Cornish Guardian* says:

"Toc H, as usual, took the initiative, and the local Freemasons Lodges co-operated. . . . Toc H are staffing the hostel, two men of the town being on duty there every night. The rota of duty means that each pair of helpers is, at present, on duty one night a week."

## From South India

In a long letter home to his family, George Davis gives good news of Toc H in South India. He writes:

"Now I must tell you something about Toc H in Madras. I believe I have already told you of the Talbot House canteen we opened in the Mission House of the Methodists in May last year—the very same house that Grace" (his wife) "and I lived in during 1931. The venture was an amazing success and now we feed about 400 to 600 men a night between four and ten o'clock; most of the actual work is done by lady volunteers, who are simply splendid, and turn up cheerfully for their shifts and who create quite a distinctive atmosphere by sitting down and chatting to men whenever there is an opportunity.

"We run it as little like a canteen as possible, the men being served at small tables covered with Toc H embroidered tablecloths and graced with a bowl of flowers each. Besides the dining-room, which is new, having been built in a compound only in December, we have a large lounge for reading, a games room, a writing-room and a chapel.

"The very diminished Branch meets every Thursday and our meetings are distinguished by being attended by nearly 90 per cent. guests, who thoroughly enjoy the talks and discussions. I am trying to get a resident padre; actually two Toc H padres live on the premises now, but they both have full-time jobs teaching and running the Bible Society and can't give as much time to the men as we should like.

"In October last we made another venture which has been equally successful. We received a grant from home for a hostel and got hold of a Burma refugee padre and offered him a job as warden of the hostel. The Governor of Madras

was very good and gave us a house in his gardens where we now put up 90 men a night, either spending their ten days' leave in Madras and coming from all over India, or men from local units coming in for short leave. This place has been so successful that we have not had to touch the home grant and have actually been able to pay the warden out of the money we collect for bed and breakfast, which includes linen, pyjamas and all modern conveniences.

"In addition to these 'shows' in the city, Toc H South India is directly responsible for a grand show at Coimbatore and partly responsible for a hostel at Ootacamund. We have also made a contribution of £250 a year to Toc H at home for similar work there, but that we have had to stop in view of our commitments here. You will know that taking responsibility for these hostels and canteens means plenty of work."

## From Reading to Algiers

One fine day last June the following notice appeared in Daily Routine Orders of a command in the British North Africa Force:

**TOC H SERVICES CLUB:** Information has been received from Toc H Headquarters in London that a sum of £1,000 has been collected in Reading to be utilised for a Club in North Africa to be known as 'Reading House.'

After consultation with the C.O., this gift has been accepted by Toc H North Africa for the *Maison Blanche Services Club*. In accordance with the request of the donors, the Club will now carry the additional title of 'Reading House.'

Arrangements to place a suitable inscription in the Club will be undertaken shortly. It is suggested that airmen with relatives in Reading may care to write about this Club, so that those responsible for this generous help may know what it is like.

John Mallet, our Commissioner in North Africa, has sent Headquarters full details of the building, which occupies two floors above a Services mess, and its work. Here are a few quotations:

"The Chapel was the first thing used in the Club—on Trinity Sunday, June 27. In addition to being the Toc H Chapel, it is the official Camp Chapel, used by both the Padres, C. of E. and R.C., who are serving this station. The long room, which is an 'Upper Room,' on the second floor east end, can hold about 150 people. A simple altar on a raised platform is all the furnishing we have at present; forms provide the seats. Each Padre has two services there on Sunday and the Roman a daily Mass. Family prayers are held there each evening when the Club closes, at approximately 9.30. These are usually taken by myself, though we are in the process of building up a rota of laymen, almost all Free Churchmen, who will lead these. The attendance at prayers has been quite encouraging—we have had up to thirty men on some nights . . .

"The Library now has some 600 assorted books. We count ourselves most fortunate in having

been presented with so many. These gifts come from the R.A.F. Unit, the Padres, certain messes and many individuals. There are about 330 members of the Library . . . It is most popular and run by volunteer airmen, who have it open every day for one and a half hours . . ."

After describing the Games Room and Writing Room, he says: "To get furniture in these parts is no easy matter, many things are quite unobtainable. The Writing Room takes twelve tables and there are often two at each table, with an overflow into the Games Room and on the verandah which runs round the outside of two sides of the building. This balcony, like the one on the first floor, is a very popular spot, especially at night, with its quite pleasant view of the mountains . . ."

He then describes the canteen, which occupies almost the whole of the first floor—a room 90 feet long, with 20 easy chairs, 50 straight-backed ones (made by the R.A.F. carpenters shop) and forms, seating about 100, while the balcony outside seats another 200. The Club is able to buy Army flour and get it made into bread and cakes by four local French bakers. "Last Friday," writes John, "we got over 4,700 cakes and on Saturday about 2,000. This enabled us to meet the week-end rush without running out, as we got a further 2,500 on Sunday."

A few other figures may interest those who run our Services Clubs at home. "We serve light refreshments only," writes John, "but this keeps us busy enough. These consist of tea, jam or tomato sandwich, cakes, hard-boiled eggs when we can get them, and fruit such as pears, peaches and plums. We bought 98 kilos (well over 200 lbs.) of the last mentioned one day—and used them all in two. On the evening of Friday, July 9, between 6 and 9.30, we served 1,080 people, an hourly average of 308 or five men a minute. We use over 100 loaves (about 3 lbs. each) a day and 40 lbs. of margarine . . ."

Money presents problems we do not have to face at home. "The franc is 200 to the £1. The charge for a large pint mug of tea is Fcs. 2, and a similar charge is made for a cake or sandwich. The fruit is sold in five-franc lots, partly owing to the difficulty of getting small change—one peach, three or four large plums and seven to nine pears, according to size (1) . . . The men get paid in Fcs. 1,000 and 500 notes and, before we opened, found great difficulty in changing them . . . Two or three men are employed as cashiers. They take a man's order, give him tokens of metal, or paper to the value of his order, receive and give change. The men then go to the counter and get their mug of tea, their sandwiches, etc., and hand in their tokens . . ."

But it is the 'team work' of the Club which seems to be best of all. John writes that "besides Servante" (his staff man) "and myself, there are employed here at present 13 French women and girls, one Frenchman and an Arab . . . Without the help of many men, members of Toc H and others, it would be quite impossible to run this show. Several at least of the fellows have been here every night since we

opened and have worked—nay, slaved—for several hours each night. Normally each evening there are about ten such men working, apart from the accounts pair and the library pair . . . More and more I hope that they will run the show and leave Servante and myself free to mix and talk with the regular customers. We get to know even better the many helpers, and they are legion . . . Nothing has been too much trouble for the officers and men of the Unit. All have worked together to make the place a real success . . ."

And from Walsall to Tunis

"Reading House" is not the only Services Club in North Africa 'god-fathered' from home. Walsall Toc H is devoting the proceeds of a successful flag-day to the new Club at Tunis.

Angus Johnston (late Area Secretary, South Wales), after a fruitless search at La Goulette, has secured No. 89, Avenue de Paris, in Tunis as a Toc H Club and hostel. It contains, he writes, 21 rooms, mostly small, and will house a Chapel, canteen, reading and writing rooms, an office and staff rooms and 40-50 beds for Service men. He says:

"I realise that the running of a hostel of this size and what promises to be a busy canteen is a pretty hefty job to tackle single-handed, but both have been put up to us as very urgent needs and I feel we must attempt to honour the obligation. I am hoping that a colleague is on the way somewhere, but in the meantime I am certain of any essential help from the Y.M., in addition to the strong probability of engaging one or two capable and trustworthy Maltese."

The cost of 'Walsall House,' as it will be called, is not yet known, but local members are confident that they will be able to raise enough money to put it on its feet.

\* \* \*

By the way, Walsall set a good example when it used Toc H posters *after* the flag-day to say 'Thank you' to their fellow-citizens for the £532 which they had contributed to our War Services Fund. Politeness costs a little money and imagination, but it is assured of dividends of friendship.

The Toc H Diary

The Toc H Diary for 1944 is now ready. It is rather smaller than usual but still excellent value for money (3s.) in war-time. The introduction is cut down, but the maps are retained. Stocks are limited—order *now!*